Bellefonte, Pa., May 24, 1907.

FOUR DOGS.

There were four dogs one summer day Went out for a morning walk, And as they journeyed upon their way They began to laugh and talk.

Said dog No. 1, "I really think My master is very wise; For he builds great houses tall and grand That reach clear up to the skies.

Said dog No. 2 in a scornful tone, "Ho! Ho! That's wonderful-yes! But listen to me! My master writes books, He's sold a million, I guess."

Then dog No. 3 tossed his curly head And gave a sly little wink. "That's nothing to tell! My master is rich. He owns half the world, I think !

The fourth little dog had been trotting along With a wise, reflective mind. At last he said with a happy smile, "My master-he is kind!

Now if your opinion should be asked, I wonder what you would say-Which dog paid the sweetest compliment To his master on that day? -Alice J. Cleator in Pets and Animal,

OUT OF THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

windows of Kesterson's mill toward the black, silent hills which circled the little cup-like valley. The village was asleep, except for the factory that throbbed all night like a heart— or an ulcer. It was chilly March; a veil of thin leafage lay unwire about each burner for safety, made the room stifling. There was no system of venadmit the gusty night breeze. It was a miserable old building, unfit for its purpose, gorged with antiquated and often worn-out machinery, which must be operated by combrous and superseded devices. The flimsy floor beaved like a deck, as the looms bauged and thumped out their monotonous clamour of creation

The very atmosphere seemed to jar about a sleepy boy of seven who dragged himself loom to loom with a basket tray of bobbins slung to his thin shoulders by a strap- the new cotton mills of the district had wheeled boxes for carrying these things about. But Kesterson's was behind in everything, and only able to compete in prices because of the cheap labor- the little children- available, at hand, ready to take the place of improved machinery. "The Old Man," as everybody in the factory called Abner Kesterson, managed to wring a double profit from his investment by running a night shift twelve months in the year. Night shift-work from six in the evening till six the next morningwith a hundred and twenty children under ten years of age on his pay-rolls! Nobody would hire for night-work alone, except at an advanced price; so those who sought employment here must work night and day shift on alternate weeks.

st now Irenus Bosang, the seven-yearold bobbin carrier, was having visions which might almost have been called dreams, so near asleep was he. Out of the noise and the clamor the child's soul drifted away to the squalid little room in a board shanty which he called home. Two other families regarded the building itself in the same light ; but the one room had held Irenus's dying mother, and the little sister who went before she was old enough to work in the cotton mill. At this time-it might have been about eleven o'clock-his father was there snoring on the bed, if be had as yet got home from the saloon across whose counter went most of the boy's earnings. Irenus's father, Gord Bosang, had a 'misery' in his back which prevented his working anywhere. Irenus's misery was all over him but not interfere with his toting

Now as he plodded up and down his appointed track, delivering the spools where the waiting boxes were empty, the tempest of noise and dust and flying livt seemed to swim quite away from him, and he saw his mother lying on her hed, coughing out the remnant of that life which was not spent at a loom. After that came the desolate little funeral, winding up to the gullied, red clay graveyard, a lame nule pulling day hard at the wagon in which the coffin lay, himself, glad to be released from duty at the cotton mill that day, riding -God knows with no sense of impiety- scated on that coffin, while his father drove.

He paused at Biney Meal's loom. She was waiting for him because she needed bobbins. The girl's eyes were like his mother's, and she coughed the same way ; but she was the smartest weaver in the room, since Mandy Bosang was gone. She to crawl into one of those wagons and could tend nine looms, and she sometimes sleep there for a while. made as much as five dollars in a week.

'You po' little trick !" she said over her shoulder, as she flung the bobbin into place with skilled fingers. "Ye ort to be at home in bed, asleep. I reckon the Lord's fergot 'bout we all byer in Kesterson's

The clamor of the vibrating room took her words and hammered them to nothing before they reached the boy's ears. Yet she was bending down near him as she made "Lord," and he staggered on with a new thought in his head - a new picture.

The Lord. That was what the man on the street corner talked so much about yesterday. Irenus was dropping with sleep to-night, because the day had been Sunday, and the noise of the small factory row in which he lived had kept him awake. His father had been boisterously drunk; he usually was on Sundays, for the misery had a quaint habit of being worse one day in seven, and thus requiring more vigorous

Toward afternoon he had got up in desperation, added a cap to the clothes in which he had lain down, and sallied out upon the streets. On the corner there had been a man preaching who had had a great deal to say about the Israelites, and the Lord, and the house of bondage. Irenus had sat down on the bank that served as sidewalk with his back carried that served as sidewalk with his back carried to the street preacher chimed over and over in his mind, infinitely now, as things in dreams are: "The Lord shall lead them n a man preaching who had had a great sidewalk with his back against a post, and listened. He had had an idea that he could silvery, yet hollow, like beautiful bells And then he had forgotten all about sleeping, for the preacher had chained his at- but this time it was with a hand instead of tention with the story of that pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day which Irenus lay quite still, and began to recogby night and of cloud by day which the Lord sent to lead some children, somenize that it was a wagon bed in which he

as the shadows in the great weaving room out. "Hyer's a child in the bottom o' my | wouldn't let Venters say nothin' to ye were shifting and changing now before his heavy vision. But Irenus had sat on, listening, trying to understand.

Yet to-night it came home to him that if there was a God anywhere who was going to lead some children out of the house of bondage. He would surely turn his attention to Kesterson's mill. He was muttering brokenly as he staggered on in the narrow walk-way between the whirling, jarring machinery, where the harness jerked monotonously up and down, and the smooth white web grew slowly upon the

Suddenly he was snatched back to consciousness by a hand upon his shoulder and a voice yelling unintelligible words in his He could not make out the speech, but he knew what it was; he knew that he walked, half asleep, between death snap-ping and growling for him on either hand. If he fell into a loom, there was no telling what the injury would be; and he rubbed his sleepy eyes and tried to hold himself awake, keeping an outlook for empty bobbin boxes—pausing mechanically to refill them . . . The floor gave a great heave and flap under him. Somebody stirred

him with a not unkind foot. The loom beside which he had sunk down stopped, and in the lossened clatter he heard the

"Hey! Move! Ye cau't go to sleep hyer. Git up an' pack them bobbins. Lord A'mighty! I wisht I had a boy double yo' size for the work. These runty little chaps naps off too frequent for me.'

The man strode on leaving Irenus awake to the fact that he was not listening to the street preacher on the corner, but was in Long lanes of light reached from the rindows of Kesterson's mill toward the bins, and that two weavers were motioning, and from the movement of their lips no doubt calling to him to hurry up.

He went on to refill his tray, passing four-year old Tad Carter, where he stood bravely awake tying threads, shaming the seen upon the still, sombrous forests about; older child. But Irenus envied the little but within the mill the noise and heat were fellow-he was working beside his mother. terrible. Kesterson's had not yet put in an Irenus could remember when, at Tad's age, electric lighting plant, and the great flar- he had a mother to work beside-for it was ing flames of gasoline gas, with nettings of more than three years now that he had been in Kesterson's—a mother who would take him with her to the mill rather than tilation or air-moistening, and the lint leave him at home where it was cold, may-hung palpitating above the heads of the be, and wet, too, when the roof leaked. be, and wet, too, when the roof leaked. workers, since even such inadequate win- Sometimes she used to make him a pallet dows as there were could not be opened to and let him lie down and sleep while she admit the gusty night breeze. It was a got along without him. Even Kesterson's mill was not the worst place in the world. when your mother was there.

He longed, with a passion of longing which shook his little meagre frame from head to foot, to be away from the noise and clamor, that he might think-hear himself think, he put it-for a few moments before he slept. In the gray light of early morning the day hands began coming in; the hours were from six to six at in; the hours were from six to six at turned earth. As the boy looked, his eve Kesterson's, with a doubtful thirty minutes for dinner at noon, and at noon of night. Irenus passed the timekeeper to be checked on his way out. When he faced the sharp, stimulating air of a new day, the down the mountain-side a man sent out street preacher's words came back to him the long, soft vodeling call to the hogs; in

and looked back curiously at the mill. ed. He felt himself, for the first time, part The house of bondage—that sure was Kesterson's. But the little fellow's feet were heavy, as he turned and shuffled slowly down the path, among scores of his

unplastered, leaking, letting noise, sun, wind, rain-most of the things from which civilized man strives to protect binself-the room that he called home. It contained his bed, and presumably the father, who was the possessor of twin bles-sings—the misery in his back which prevented his working in the mill, and a son whose misery was not so localized—the man who drew his earnings and "made them do" for the two to exist upon. Again he looked over his shoulders at Kesterson's. He was dripping with prespiration, and the chill morning air made his teeth rattle. He had an impulse to creep back into the mill. But, after all, the preacher said that the Lord led folks out of the house of bond-

age. opposite direction from home, toward the corner where the street exhorter had held forth yesterday. He could see it from where he stood. A stray our limped past it-a happy our which was not available to labor in the cotton mill. Remembering the vague satisfaction of that hour, thinking to walk past the corner and see if it would not make him feel that way again, Irenus slouched down the struggling village street till he reached his post of the before and sat down. Perhaps the Lord was leading him out of the house of

bondage. He stared straight ahead of him into a wagon yard across the way, where countrymen were already arriving and leaving their vehicles while they did such trading as had brought them to town. It seemed to Irenus that he could not go back to the place that used to be home, and the drunk-en father. He wondered bow it would feel

The motion was certainly delicious. It was quite unlike that shuddering of the floor in Kesterson's mill which tired his poor little growing legs, straining the knee joints, and setting every nerve in his young

body to quivering.

This was a bumping, rocking, joggling, as though some mighty being trotted him an end, so that he caught the one syllable: in a very comfortable, capacious lap. "Lord," and he staggered on with a new Irenus grumbled his satisfaction beneath the coverings which lapped him, and drifted off again into slumber.

There were great arrearages of sleep to be made up in his case, for he had been awake day and night with his mother during her last illness, and he went back into the mill the week he was to go on night shift. Besides when the neighbors will quarrel in the next house, and the little shanty on the other side is so inconsiderate as to burn down, just when a boy is getting over the borders of consc sleeping in the daytime is unsatisfactory.

Irenus was not actually dreaming, yet, with a sense of delicious well-being, thought vaguely that he was adrift in a sleep better there than at home on his bed. under the ocean. Then, as it had happened the night before, somebody stirred him;

where, out of bondage. The crowd around the preacher had shifted and changed, even shifted and changed shifted shifted

wagon!" The boy sat up and pushed back th tousled hair in bewilderment; a thin little splinter of manhood; his great blue-gray eyes with their black brows and lashes staring large from a lean, bleached face, with an infinite pathos of appeal in their gaze. A stout old man with grizzled hair, and many creases and puckers in his goodhumored countenance, stood peering into the wagon. The two confronted each other for an amazed moment in silence, then:

"Mandy!" called the old man over his shoulder, "come hyer an' see what I brung ye from town." Irenus raised his head a little and look ed where a thin little old woman opened a cabin door on the slope above them, and

came running down like a girl. It was evening; he could see the red light through the trees behind the house. "Hit's a boy !" announced the first speaker, and laughed joyonsly, as though it were the best joke in the world, reaching in and lifting Irenus over the wheel to set him on

his uncertain legs among the little straggling weeds at the path side.
"For any sake! Who is he, honey? Whar did ye git 'im at?" asked the smiling wife, who seemed to be a very friendly, pleasant person, not at all upset by the duding of small boys in her husband's luggage. She stooped down before Irenus to bring her

kind, reassuring face to the level of his. "Ye cain't prove hit by me," declared e old man, chuckling. "When I drove the old man, chuckling. "When I drove in to town from Nioty Ann's this mornin', I left my wagon in Groner's yard. When I come back, 'long about noon, an' put my plunder in, I never disturbed the bed-clothes what Nioty was a sendin' up to ye. Lord love hit's little soul! Hit must 'a'

been asleep, at that very time."

Irenus nodded solemnly. The evening light in the sky told him that other children were even now creeping into the house of boudage. Vast, silent slopes of forest green billowing outside the small clearing and patch of tillage on the edge of which the capin stood, added the information that he was very far away from Kes terson's mill. Surely the Lord had led

While the old people talked apart for moment, the boy stood gazing. The clear blue sky rose high above his head in a majesty unknown to the smoke-filled valley of Kesterson's. Range beyond range, the everlasting mountains circled this re-treat afar off, folding now about their great shoulders their evening splendors of purple and gold, putting on their crowns of rose and amethyst. Near at hand, yet unseen, the little spring branch laughed and chattered to itself—a child's voice making homely and homan the stately wilderness. The crystal air was keen, and on it came the scent of growing things, and of freshly panded and trembled; he drew in a great breath that lifted his sunken chest. A woodpecker drummed on a dead tree; away in their completeness—"The Lord shall lead them out of the house of bondage."

On the wooden steps the child stopped the factory child's throat and his eyes fill-

kind.

"I wisht he'd bring a wagon," he whispered to himself, "ef be's a-comin' to lead me anywhar's."

He hung miserably at the hitching rail where the manager's horse was generally tied. His face was toward that sordid box, -an' then I never waked up at all."

"Hit's one o' the chaps from Kesterson's" said the old man soberly glancing at his wife. "Pore little critters! I've studied a heap 'bout how them mill folks could keep chaps o' that age awake to work 'em all night.''

But the wife shook her head. "Son, she said gently, putting out a hand to Irenus, and leading him towward the cab-in, "you out not to 'a' done that a way. I spect yo' mammy an' all yo' folks is keered mighty nigh to death about ye right this minute."

'I am't got no mammy-now. She died off a-Wednesday," said the child with a gulp. "They's nobody but pap at home, an' he won't study 'bout me, tell pay day comes, an' he goes down to draw my

wages. The cabin was small and brown, hung like a bird's nest on the rocky steep of the mountain whose bench formed its clearing. Smoke went up from the great stone chimblue violets gemmed the ney; hig pale straggling sward about it. An anxious, loud clucking biddy marshaled her balls of plaintively cheeping down toward their night's repose. A chip-pile, with the ax lying across a half-cut log, showed where the fuel for the hearthstone was prepared. The child looked at it with loving eyes. He could barely remember such a cabin and dooryard, back in his babyhood, before they went down from the mountains so that his mother might work in the mill. He was sure that this was no house o hondage.

"What mought we call yo' name, young feller?" asked the old man, seating himself, drawing the child to his knee and clapping one small hand softly between his two toil-hardened palms. "I'm Ventress Brazeal, an' my wife, she was a Childress.

"I'm name' Irenus," said the little boy, 'an' my pappy is Gord Bosang." Mandy Arazeal, who was a Childress was getting supper at the broad stone bearth; the bacon she was frying smelled very good to the hungry child. But when Irenus answered bim thus the old man got up suddenly and drew his wife out on to the porch, where they stood murmuring in lowered tones for a while. The child by the fire, drowsy again, heard of all their talk only the two words: "Not to-night." Irenus ate from a treasuerd small plate

with A B C's around the rim a homely sup per that was wonderful to a little boy who had been living on food prepared by an unwilling, half-intoxicated man. The old people regarded with deep feeling the guest at their table eating of their bread. Their eyes dwelled upon him with mute tenderness, then sought each other's eyes above the young bead. He was put to bed, Mandy Brazeal reintroducing to his attention the lately neglected preliminary ceremonial of undressing. A clean old shirt of her husband's was brought forth to serve as a nightgown. He slept sweetly between the coarse fresh sheets, and in the morning started awake with sudden terror, to find the old woman

sitting on his bed's edge. "Did I-has the whistle blowed yit?" he gasped, springing up in bed, with the great sleeves of the borrowed shirt falling

over his small hands. "No, no, honey child; they ain't nary whistle to blow byer," she said cheerily. Then when she saw that he realized his whereabouts, and remembered yesterday's

about it last night, fear ye wouldn't sleep. Soon as he hearn you name yo' daddy's name, he come out on the po'ch an' told me 'at the town was all uptore when he was down to Kesterson's, 'case o' somethin' that had happened to-lay back, honey. Don't look so skeered. I ain't a-gwine to

let nothin' hart ye." 'Is-is pap-did he kill somebody? Maw al'us said he would, ef he kep' on

that-away." "No, son-not that. What Venters heard was that Gordon Bosang had jest been killed in Lipman's saloon. They was a fightin', you know, child; an' he's daid

-you' pappy's daid."
She stroked the thin little hand that she held, as Irenus cried a bit, shivering and whimpering like a lonesome puppy.

"Venters an' me hain't got no chaps now," said the old woman. "Ourn is all growed an' wedded an' gone."

The child looked at her wistfully. "Ye wouldn't-wouldn't never-ye don't want to take a boy to raise, do ye?" he ventured timidly at last. "Heap o' folks down at Kesterson's takes 'em in that a way, for to hire 'em to the milis. But yon-you wouldn't have no use for a boy o' seh'm." Old Mandy opened her arms and took the little tow head to her bosom. "God love yo' baby soul!" she said, "we got the biggest kind o' need of a boy like you. I say hire ye out in a cotton mill! Et von want to stay with Venters an' me, they's a big place byer for a boy o' seb'm."-By Grace MacGowan Cooke, in Collier's.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

You may climb to the top of the tree, But your perch will not help you a bit, If you fall you will very soon see There is no way of deciding a hit. For the world lies in wait with a brick Or a stone twisted up in a sock. If it isn't a knock it's a kick .

If it isn't a kick it's a knock If you're down you'll be feeling a boot To your person with vigor applied : If you're up you'll bear the loud hoot And the jab will get into your hide, You may think you are skillful a d quick, But you'd far better brace for the shock. If it isn't a knock it's a kick ; If it isn't a kick it's a knock

It's a kick for the fellows who lose; It's a knock for the others who win. You may do just whatever you choose, But you'll need a good thickness of skin I can tell you which one I will pick ; I'll succeed and then let the world mock.

If it isn't a knock it's a kick : If it isn't a kick it's a knock. -Chicago News.

The New Game Law.

The new game law, approved by the Governor on April 15th, makes the open season for woodcock and pheasant from Oc tober 1st to December 1st. Quail, November 1st to Decemeer 1st. It is unlawful to shoot or injure quail when bunched upon the ground; or to hunt for or to kill any of the game birds protected by this act during the night time; or to kill game of any kind within this Commonwealth, through or by the use of a gun or of any kind other than is usually raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder. Fine for violating the law is \$25 for each bird killed, or one day in jail for each dollar of fine.

The season for killing tabbits is from October 15th to December 1st, and they may be killed in any manner "except through or with the aid of a ferret."

Deer may be killed between November 15th and December 1st. It is unlawful for any person to kill in any one season more one deer, which in every instance shall be "a male deer, with horns." Penalty for violation, \$100.

The squirrel season remains as it has been for some years past, October 1st to December 1st, thus making the season for killing small game more uniform, and pro hibiting bunters from killing pheasants under the pretext of hunting squirrels, as was often the case when there were 15 days difference in the open season.

Fighting For Fire.

A great ceremony in Jerusalem is on Easter Saturday, and commemorates the ancient tradition of the celestial fire that was said to rise from the tomb of Christ. The Greek patriarch enters the sanctuary of the sepulcher, the door closes behind him, and the surging, tossing, tumultuous multitude await the coming of the fire. Suddenly out of the right hand window in the wall of the sepulcher shoot flames of fire, and in an instant every one of the thousands has produced a candle and dashes madly forward to light it at the mystic fire. The light thus taken from the holy sepulcher is instantly carried to all the Christian villages round about Jerusalem, and fleet footed young men vie with one another in being first to light their local shrines with the divine flame. The writer has seen two rival runners put down their candles and indulge in a sanguinary battle with knives and sticks until the light of one of them is put out. There is no joke meant here, but each is striving desperately to extinguish the flame of the other.-Travel Magazine.

"Old Hundredth." "Old Hundredth" has been variously scribed to Martin Luther, Dr. John Dowland and William Franck. Dr. Lowell Mason wrote quite a treatise on the old tune in 1852, saying emphatically that it was written by Guillaume (William) Franck in 1543. But later musical historians and antiquarians who have investigated more closely say it was composed by Louis Bourgeois, born about 1500 and died about 1572-some say in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1551-52.-Musical Million.

Time's Changes. "You," said she as she came down the stairs leisurely pulling on her gloves-"you used to say I was worth my weight in gold." "Well, what if I did?" he asked,

looking at his watch for the third time plexion a fright."-Philadelphia Ledger. in fifteen minutes. "And now you don't think I'm worth a wait of two minutes."

They Go Together. "Any bottles? Any rags?" "Queer combination you deal in, my friend."

"Not so queer. People as has bottles generally has rags."—Washington Her-

WATER NEVER FROZE.

There Would Be Several Startling Changes in till World.

The whole economy of nature would undergo a startling change if water never froze. The world's climates would be revolutionized. The icebound polar seas would cease to exercise their chilling influences, and consequently the currents of the ocean might either cease or be turned aside in different directions.

Thus the gulf stream would seek other shores than those of Britain, and the climate there might be subject to hide after being tanged was stuffed. the extremes of heat and cold notice able in other countries of the same latitude. The icebound rivers of the north, notably those of Russia and Siberia, would be open for navigation, and Russia's activity as a sea power and a commercial nation might alter the whole world of commerce.

Canada would become another courtry altogether. An immense tract of land would be available for cultivating hardy plants, and Greenland might be what its name indicates. The absence of icebergs off the coast of Newfoundland and Iceland would result in a much warmer climate in those islands. where now the crops often fail.

Ice, too, plays an important part in the economy of nature. Thus, if water never froze, snow, hail and hoarfrost would cease. The loosening of soils and the disintegration of rocks by the frost and many other now vital effects would be lost-in short, the absence of ice would be on the one hand an in-calculable disaster, on the other hand a great boon.-London Globe.

THE BOARDING HOUSE.

Advantages of Its Pacific Influence In Married Life.

"Oh, dear, but this boarding house life is simply awful!" said the sweet young thing as she sipped her hot chocolate at a Chestnut street soda counter in company with an elderly fair companion. "I really don't see how you stand it," she continued in the same plaintive voice. "I am sure I shouldn't if I were happily married, as you are. I would have a house of my own, a cozy little place where there would be just myself and husband, serene and happy in our knowledge of each other's love." The older woman's eyes twinkled, albeit there was a somewhat grim look about the corners of her mouth, as she made reply: "My dear, you are very young and have lots to learn. Some unmarried philosophers on married life tell us that the boarding house is a feeder for the divoice courts and that it breeds discord for married people. Don't you believe them. When you have been married to a mere man as long as I have, you will find that the knowledge that you next room neighbor can hear if your voice is raised in anger and will tell your fellow boarders if you are heard to quarrel will have a valuable deterrent effect on not only yourself, but many a cross word will be stifled in birth rather than have your disagreements published to the household."-Philadelphia Record.

Animals In Groups. The ingenuity of the sportsman is perhaps no better illustrated than by the use he puts the English language

to in designating particular groups of animals. The following is a list of the terms which have been applied to the various classes: A covey of partridges, a nide of pheasants, a wisp of snipe, a flight of doves or swallows, a muster of peacocks, a siege of herons, a building of rooks, a brood of grouse, a stand of plover, a watch of nightingales, a clattering of cloughs, a herd or bunch of cattle, a flock of geese, a bevy of quails, a cast of hawks, a swarm of bees, a school of whales, a Man has no right to waste his own enshoal of herrings, a herd of swine. a skulk of foxes, a pack of wolves, a drove of oxen, a sounder of hogs, a troop of monkeys, a pride of lions,

a sleuth of bears, a gang of elks.

Identified Himself. "Some people have odd ways of iden tifying themselves." said a disgusted westerner visiting New York. "The other night a man came up to me in my hotel and claimed old time acquaintance. I saw visions of the confidence game at once and fought shy. How do you think he convinced me? Well, sir, he finally pulled out one of his eyes. Yes, sir, he did. It was a glass eye, of course, but I then realized his peculiar affliction despite a greatly altered appearance. But, do you know, it wasn't a pleasant performance. In fact, I suggested that he ought to

Expensive Modesty. "What's the matter, old man? You look sad." "I am. I just asked Farnsworth to lend me \$5."

carry a duly certified identification

card."-New York Globe.

"And I suppose he said he didn't have that much in the world." "No. He had to get a ten dollar bill changed in order to let me have what than at first. "Let me show you how I had asked for."

"Beautiful memorial windows," recorner of the blotter first to get it marked her husband as they left the church. "I didn't notice particularly," said clean it takes it all up?"-New York his wife, "but the light from it fell on Sun. the Jones pew, and it made her com-

Points of View.

Keenly So. "Are you interested in the vital is

sues of the hour?" "Intensely. Say, can you lend me 50 sents to get some lunch?"-Baltimore American.

Now's the only bird lays eggs o' gold. _Lowell.

A STUFFED EMPEROR.

Fate of Valcrian of Rome, Captured by the Persians.

One of the most remarkable stuffed skins on record was that of Valerian. emperor of Rome, who was taken prisoner and afterward kept in chains by Sapor, king of Persia. He was either killed in a tumult or by order of his conqueror, who was perhaps fearful of losing his valuable living trophy, in the year 269. The body of the dead emperor was treated with no more delicacy than when il the spark of a living one. it v painted red and suspended in the chief temple of the capital. It remained there for many years and was the popular spectacle for holiday makers and visitors from the country. But it was put to more important ends than this. It was made a diplomatic engine of much significance and efficiency. In after times it often happened that the Roman envoys at the Persian court had misunderstandings more or less serious with the government to which they were temporarily accredited. When these ambassadors from Rome grew arrogant in their demands, it was the custom to conduct them into the presence of the stuffed skin of the exemperor of Rome, where they were asked if humility did not become them at sight of such a spectacle.

"THE BLUE DANUBE."

Odd Way In Which the Beautiful Waltz Was Written.

It was a linen cuff and the quick thought of the woman who wore it that gave us one of the prettiest of the tuneful Strauss waltzes. Johann Strauss and his wife were one day enjoying a stroll in the park at Schonau when suddenly the composer exclaimed: "My dear, I have a waltz in my head. Quick-give me a scrap of paper or an old envelope. I must write it down before I forget it." Alas, after much rummaging of pockets it was found that neither of them had a letter, not even a tradesman's bill. Johann Strauss' music is considered light, but it weighed as heavy as lead on his brain until he could transfer it to paper. His despair was pathetic. At last a happy thought struck Frau Strauss. She held out a snowy cuff. The composer clutched it eagerly, and in two minutes that cuff was manuscript. Its mate followed. Still the inspiration was incomplete. Strauss was frantic and was about to make a wild dash for home with the third part of his waltz ringing uncertainly in his head. His own linen was limp, colored calico. Suddenly his frau bethought herself of her collar, and in an instant the remaining bars of "The Blue Danube" decorated its surface.

THE CURE OF WORRY.

Clear, Simple Common Sense Applied

to the Business of Life. There are two reasons why man should not worry, either one of which must operate in every instance-first. because he cannot prevent the results he fears; second, because he can prevent them. If he is powerless to avert the blow, he needs perfect mental concentration to meet it bravely, to lighten its force, to get what salvage he can from the wreck, to sustain his strength at this time when he must plan a new future. If he can prevent the evil he fears, then he has no need to worry, for he would by so doing be dissipating energy in his very hour

of need. To cure oneself of worry is not an easy task. It is not to be removed in two or three applications of the quack medicine of any cheap philosophy, but it requires only clear, simple common sense applied to the business of life. ergies, to weaken his own powers and influence, for he has inalienable duties to himself, to his family, to society and to the world.-William George Jordan in "The Kingship of Self Control."

How Browning Read Political Matter. I have read the newspapers only through Robert's eyes. He reads them in a room sacred from the foot of woman, and this is not always satisfactory, as whenever Robert falls into a state of disgust with any political party he throws the whole subject over. Every now and then he ignores France altogether, and I, who am more tolerant and more curious, find myself suspended over a hiatus. I ask about Thiers' speech. "Thiers is a rascal." he says. "I make a point of not reading a word of Thiers." M. Prudhon, then? "Prudhon is a madman. Who cares for Prudhon?" The president? "The president is an ass not worth thinking of." And so we treat of politics. - Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Removing the Blot. A woman was trying to lift a big blot of ink from a letter with a piece of blotting paper, with the usual result of making the blot bigger and uglier to do that," said her friend. "I learned the trick in a stationer's shop in London last year. You just moisten the

The Right Word. Editor-I notice that you say that the women at the ball tonight were "elegantly gowned." Do you think that "gowned" is a good word? Reporter-Well, you couldn't call them dressed .-

started and then apply it to the ink

spot. There! Isn't it wonderful how

We sometimes have those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors.-Goldsmith.

Somerville Journal.